

VANDERBILT AND MISS WILSON ARE MARRIED.

Ceremony Performed at Noon at the Home of Her Parents.

No Member of the Bridegroom's Family Attends the Nuptials.

None Others Present Besides the Bride's Family Except Frank Polk, Best Man.

Made Man and Wife by the Rev. Mr. Pott in a Room Bare of Floral Decorations.

HONEYMOON BEGINS AT SARATOGA.

Courtship So Bitterly Opposed by the Young Man's Father Thus Ends with His Loyalty and Scorn of Disinheritance.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Miss Grace Wilson are married.

The ceremony took place at noon yesterday in the Wilson parlors. There was no representative of the Vanderbilt family present, nor any one outside of the bride's family except one or two college friends of the groom. Even Chauncey Depew, who was half expected to give unofficial sanction by his presence, failed to appear.

The Wilson mansion is a brownstone of the regular Fifth avenue type. There were no preparations visible from the outside; no canopy, no carpet to keep the wedding guests' dainty footgear from the pavement when they stepped from their carriages; no long line of couples.

The policeman on the beat was mildly interested and the windows of neighboring houses were crowded with heads anxious to see the bridegroom go in and the bride couple come out.

The first sign of what was to come was manifest at 9 o'clock, when a young man left the house.

Only a Few Flowers.

"That's R. T. Wilson, Jr.," whispered a lady in a window two or three doors below to several girls on the stoop.

Somehow it became known that young Mr. Wilson had gone to order the flowers. These came later.

Eight boutonnières of lilies of the valley were ordered, and some cut flowers, principally lilies of the valley. With these were gladioli, hydrangeas and American Beauty roses. One man brought them all in three medium-sized boxes and one parcel.

At 10:30 the butler rushed down the stoop, gave the address of a well-known photographer to a hansom-cab driver, who then drove down Fifth avenue, with instructions to bring the photographer and his camera to the house at once and take the bridal party's pictures. When the photographer arrived he was told he had come too late.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, with their two little sons and maid, drove up at 11:05 o'clock in an omnibus, which backed up to the sidewalk to let them alight. Mrs. Wilson was dressed in tobacco brown cloth, with spinach green ribbon at the throat. She wore a small



WEDDING GOWN OF MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

the detective department, announced to a friend that it was to be a "full-blown" wedding, as the clergyman evidently had his vestments in his bag.

At 12:30 the suspense was practically over. The Wilson brougham, driven by the family coachman, drew up at the door. Within ten minutes the front door opened and the splendid butler, who had come all the way from Newport for the occasion, stood forth. A moment later Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., both smiling, both apparently very happy, ran down the

double-breasted waistcoat, and a straw sailor hat with band of black. The bride carried her bridal bunch of sweet peas with her.

The groom opened the door of the brougham, the two little Orme Wilsons threw a few grains of rice, young Cornelius helped his bride into the brougham and stepped in himself, and as they drove off the presumably disinherited young millionaire leaned out and waved an adieu to the Wilson family, which crowded the parlor windows. Then they drove away and the outsiders resumed their usual avocations.

The Wedding Ceremony.

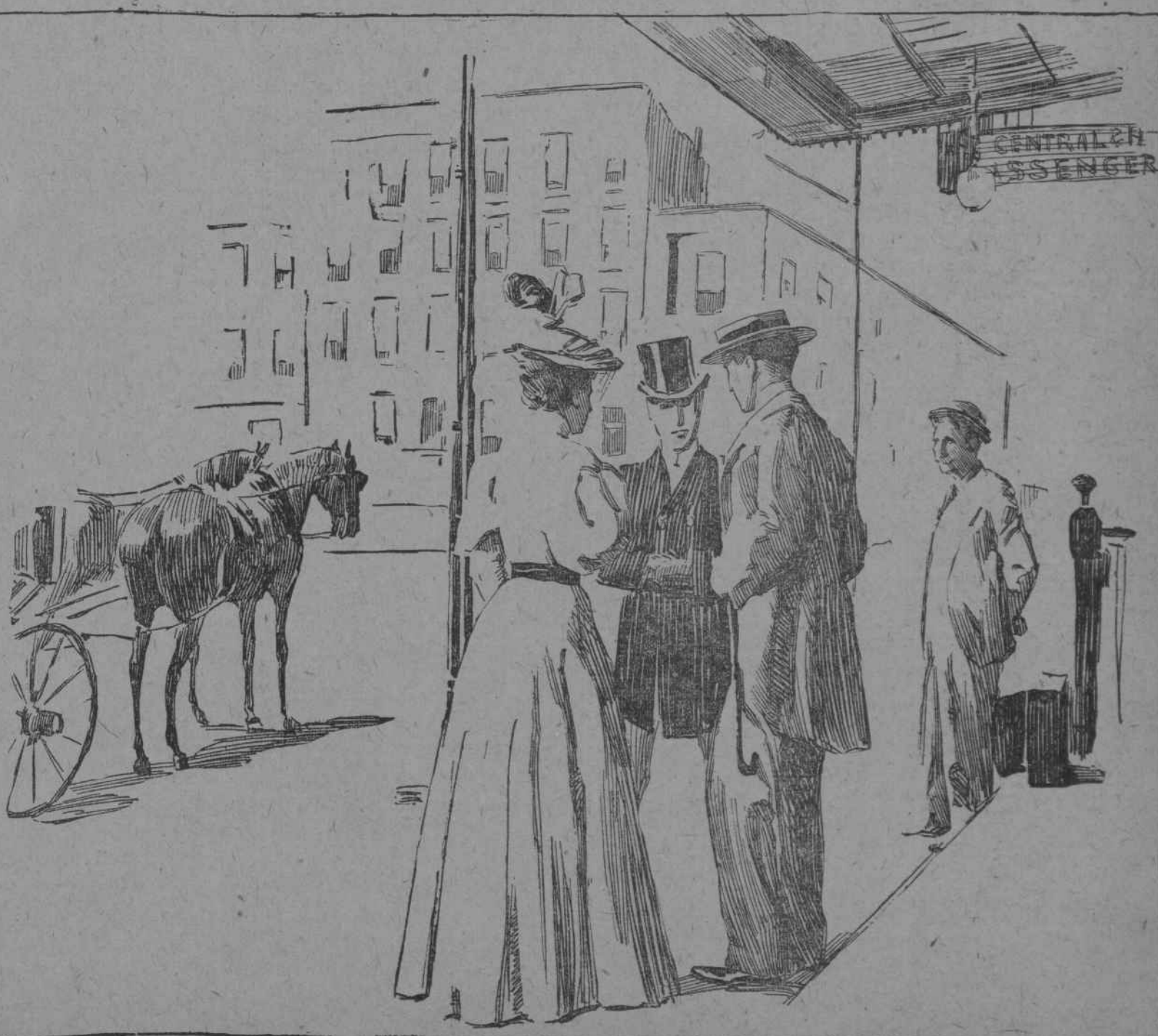
What happened inside the Wilson mansion, and which window could have given anything to the world, was this:

The bride came down the broad stairs with her father, and passed into the rear drawing-room, where the Wilson family, Mr. Vanderbilt and his best man awaited her.

The rustle of silken skirts was all the music that announced her arrival, for orchestra and the usual et ceteras that go to make up a swell wedding were entirely wanting at this one, which was, strictly speaking, a family affair.

The bride wore the gown made for the first announced wedding, which had to be postponed at the eleventh hour because of Mr. Vanderbilt's illness. It was of the heaviest and richest of white satin, of the shade of whipped cream, and was made with a long train. Ruffles of the most exquisite point d'Alençon lace trimmed the

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SNAP SHOTS OF MR. AND MRS. VANDERBILT LEAVING FOR SARATOGA.